Nice and Quiet by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

Jonathan narrows his painfully soulful eyes. “They’re ancient history,” he says, not exactly answering Billy’s question because he knows that Billy knows what he’s talking about. That Billy is drunk, and also Billy, and is playing dumb for the sake of playing dumb. Billy swallows down the last of his beer, chucks the bottle over his shoulder into the bushes and belches.

“I am not jealous of your fuckin’ girlfriend, Byers.”

“Uh huh.”

Nice and Quiet

Author's Note:

> Tumblr Prompt Fill for En's NSFW Fic Starters 11- "That should keep you nice and quiet" and 31- Jealousy
>
> I was very excited to explore a lighter version of Jealous Billy and I hope that you guys enjoy it :)
>
> Unbeta'd, comment/kudos/con-crit most welcome!

Steve's parents are out of town on business, the obligatory party is in full swing, and Billy is drunk. *Ish*. Drunkish. Billy squints across the pool to where Steve appears to be in animated conversation with Nancy. Fuckin' Wheeler. Steve looks blissed out. Flushed and happy, hair all askew.

And Billy knows, at the least the rational part of his brain knows, that he is one of the reasons that Steve looks the way he does. This thing they've got going on. It's good. Good for both of them. Hell, it's the happiest Billy's ever been. But he doesn't like the way Nancy's looking at Steve now. Like maybe he's something she's missing. Like maybe she's made a mistake.

Click. *Flash*.

Billy's scrubs a hand across his face with a growl as spots of light dance across his eyes. And this is just what Billy fucking needs. Jonathan Byers. Camera in hand. "You fuckin' kiddin' me, Byers?"

Jonathan lowers his camera with a shrug, a bit sheepish as he smiles, "Sorry. Just…capturing the moment."

"Jesus Christ, are you for real? Hey, why don't you try livin' in the moment for once instead of capturing it?" Jonathan tilts his head to the side thoughtfully. Billy can feel Jonathan's gaze, unforgiving, and he hates it. "What!?" Billy snaps.

"You know there's no reason to be jealous."

“What the fuck are you talking about? Jealous? Who the fuck would *I* ever be jealous of?”

Jonathan narrows his painfully soulful eyes. “They’re ancient history,” he says, not exactly answering Billy’s question because he knows that Billy *knows* what he’s talking about. That Billy is drunk, and also Billy, and is playing dumb for the sake of playing dumb. Billy swallows down the last of his beer, chucks the bottle over his shoulder into the bushes and belches.

“I am not jealous of your fuckin’ girlfriend, Byers.”

“Uh huh.”

“I’m not.”

“If you say so.”

“Son of a bitch,” Billy snarls as he storms off, ignoring the pointed click behind him. Nancy sees him first as he rounds the pool, her smile faltering in the slightest, eyes widening. Steve turns, following her gaze, his face lighting up at the sight.

“Hey,” Steve says, gripping the front of his shirt, tugging him in. Billy stumbles, catching himself around Steve’s waist.

“Hey,” Billy replies, almost dismissively as he pulls at the waistband of Steve’s pants, “Need you a sec, Pretty Boy.” *Trying* to be polite even though he could give a fuck.

“Yeah, ‘course,” Steve says, eyes wide and soft at the same time, “Sorry, Nance. Gimme a minute.” Nancy smiles, tucks her hair behind her ear as she raises her plastic cup in their general direction as Billy drags Steve off.

Billy has Steve in the downstairs bathroom and pinned up against the wall in record time.

“Jesus, mmph, what’s gotten into you?” Steve moans as Billy rucks up his shirt, bites at his neck as he thumbs at Steve’s nipples. Billy sidesteps, straddles Steve’s thigh and grinds up and into him. “*Fuck*. You know what? I don’t care!”

“Just remindin’ you,” Billy mumbles, nipping at Steve’s earlobe.

“God, what?” Steve asks mindlessly, head thumping back against the door frame.

“Who you belong to.”

“Billy, what? I didn’t forget - ah fuck!” Steve swears as Billy pinches his nipples viciously, rolls his hips into Steve’s, cocks dragging together through their shorts.

“Tell that to fuckin’ Wheeler,” Billy snarls.

“Jesus, you’re so fucking stupid,” Steve says, endeared.

“Shut up.”

“Billy, c'mon -”

“*Stop*. *Talking*. Get on your knees for me.” There must be something about the way he says it, because Steve goes, sinking like a stone.

“You have nothing to be jealous of,” Steve says gently as Billy works his own fly open, as he pulls out his cock, hard and wet at the tip. Steve’s brows are furrowed as he opens his mouth, as Billy feeds the length of his cock inside.

“That should keep you nice and quiet.” Steve rolls his eyes and sucks him down. Billy jerks Steve back by his hair, pinching the nape of his neck. “Hey! Do it right,” Billy growls. Uncertain and insecure. He needs this.

And so Steve does.